

A Fawcett Publication

MARCH

# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

10¢  
NO. 61



ATOMIC AIR HERO

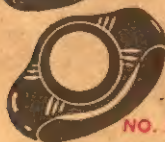
## MASTERS GLACIER PEAK

# be the first in your town to wear this sensational **COROZO NUT RING**

said to bring **GOOD LUCK** to the wearer



NO. 1



NO. 2



NO. 3



NO. 4



NO. 5



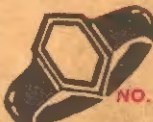
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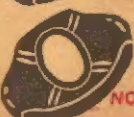
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NO. 10

**CHOICE OF ANY  
RING, LADIES' & GENTS'  
BOYS' & GIRLS' STYLES**  
Get Acquainted Offer!

Special at **50¢** Each Post-paid

## **SPECIAL!!**

**H**ERE is the latest craze in "good luck" jewelry—the Corozo Nut Ring—hand carved from the nut of the Corozo Palm. These rings are highly prized by the natives of Puerto Rico because of the legend that **GOOD LUCK ALWAYS FOLLOWS THE WEARER.**

Thousands of people paid \$1 apiece for these rings. Through our special "get acquainted" offer you may have your choice of any ring for **ONLY 50c.** Sale price (cash orders only).

The rings are hand carved and hand polished to a beautiful ebony black, then set with simulated pearl. Order one of these fascinating rings today. Your choice of any ring **ONLY 50c** postpaid. (Order by Numbers.) Sorry — no C. O. D. orders at this special price.

**SEND 50c CASH, STAMPS or MONEY  
ORDER with your name, address and ring size.**

**Beware of Substitutes: Our rings are guaranteed to be the genuine Corozo Nut Rings.**

**HAREM CO. (The House of Rings)**  
30 Church Street, Dept. C-254, New York 7, N. Y.

Fill in coupon, clip and mail now! For Ring Size. Cut out the strip, wrap tightly around middle joint of ring finger. Number that meets end of chart strip is your ring size.



**HAREM CO. (The House of Rings)**

30 Church Street, Dept. C-254, New York 7, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days trial the ring I have checked below, for which I am enclosing 50c.

If at the end of 10 days I wish to return the ring, you are to refund my money at once.

STYLE No.

☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10

(PLEASE PRINT)

(Select any ring you like)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**NOTE:** Sorry no C. O. D. orders sent at this special low price. Be sure to enclose 50c per ring in Cash, Stamps or Money Order.

**Guarantee!** wear ring 10 days, if not pleased return and get your money back.



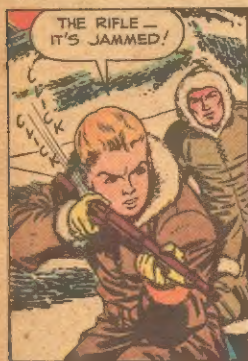
# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

## MASTERS GLACIER PEAK

**E**XPLORING THE ICE-BOUND POLAR REGIONS IS PERILOUS ENOUGH, BUT WHEN YOU'RE FACED WITH MAN-MADE OBSTACLES, THEN YOU'RE REALLY IN FOR TROUBLE! READ THIS ACTION-FILLED STORY OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S SURPRISING ARCTIC ADVENTURES!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!  
A STARVED WOLF PACK!

SHOOT, CHUCK!  
SHOOT - FOR  
YOUR LIFE!



THE RIFLE -  
IT'S JAMMED!



THERE'S JUST ONE  
CHANCE! THIS  
BLACKOUT BOMB...



...MAY FRIGHTEN  
THEM AWAY!

CAN THE BLACKOUT BOMB SAVE  
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND CHUCK  
FROM THE VICIOUS WOLF PACK?

MARCH, 1948, Vol. 11, No. 51

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**GRRRR!**

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY, CAPTAIN. WE'RE SAVED!

LET ME LOOK AT YOUR RIFLE, CHUCK. I WANT TO KNOW WHY IT JAMMED AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT!



THE MAGAZINE IS FILLED WITH SAND. THAT'S STRANGE! I CHECKED IT BEFORE WE BEGAN SETTING UP OUR CAMP FOR THE NIGHT!



DOES THAT MEAN SOMEONE TAMPERED WITH OUR SUPPLIES WHILE WE WERE DIGGING IN?

I DON'T KNOW, CHUCK! THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON... LET'S BREAK CAMP AND FLY DIRECTLY TO GLACIER PEAK!

JUST WHAT ARE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND CHUCK DOING IN THE ARCTIC? LET'S GO BACK A COUPLE OF WEEKS AND FIND OUT...



**WASHINGTON, D.C.**

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, YOU'VE BEEN CALLED TO WASHINGTON ON A SPECIAL JOB. HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF GLACIER PEAK?

WHY, YES, DR. NEWTON. ISN'T THAT NEAR THE ARCTIC ICE CAP?



RIGHT! IT'S BELIEVED TO BE RICH IN MINERALS. RECENTLY WE ANNOUNCED AN AWARD OF \$100,000 TO THE FIRST SCIENTIST TO CLIMB AND EXPLORE GLACIER PEAK!

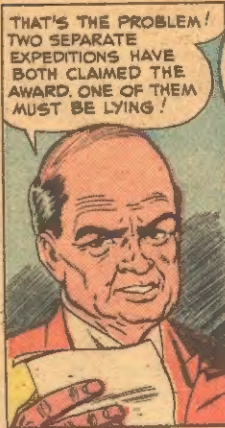


# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



YESTERDAY, WE RECEIVED WORD THAT THE PEAK HAD FINALLY BEEN CLIMBED AND EXPLORED!

SPLENDID! BY WHOM?



THAT'S THE PROBLEM! TWO SEPARATE EXPEDITIONS HAVE BOTH CLAIMED THE AWARD. ONE OF THEM MUST BE LYING!



I SEE 'AND, BECAUSE OF MY EXPLORING BACKGROUND, YOU WANT ME TO GO TO THE ARCTIC, TO SEE WHICH EXPEDITION DESERVES THE \$100,000 REWARD.

THAT'S EXACTLY IT, CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!



SO IT IS, THAT WEEKS LATER, IN THE GUISE OF VALIANT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, THE NEVADA INVENTOR FLIES HIS PLANE ABOVE THE POLAR ICE CAP!

WE SURE WERE LUCKY TO ESCAPE FROM THOSE WOLVES!

TAKE IT EASY, CHUCK. WE HAVEN'T REACHED GLACIER PEAK YET!



WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A JOB, FINDING OUT WHICH OF THOSE SCIENTISTS - HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

THE MOTORS! THEY'RE CONKING OUT!

CLANK! CLANK!



WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE...WE'VE GOT TO LAND!

PSST - BARTON! KEEP DOWN! WHEN HE LANDS WE'LL GRAB OUR SKIS AND FIND A SPOT TO SET UP ANOTHER TRAP!



CAP! YOU CAN'T DO IT IN THESE SNOWDRIFTS!



**BUT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S SKILLED HAND IS AT THE CONTROLS!**

MADE IT! WHAT A LANDING, CAP!

LOOK AT THAT, CHUCK! THE GAS LINES HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH!

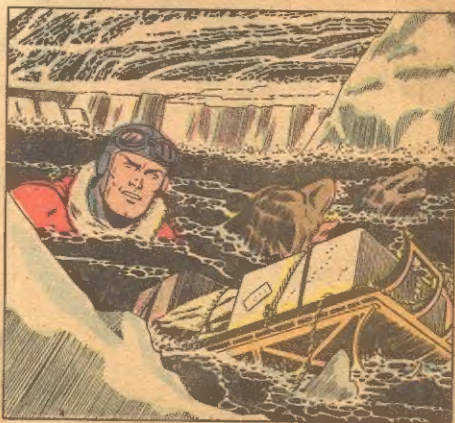
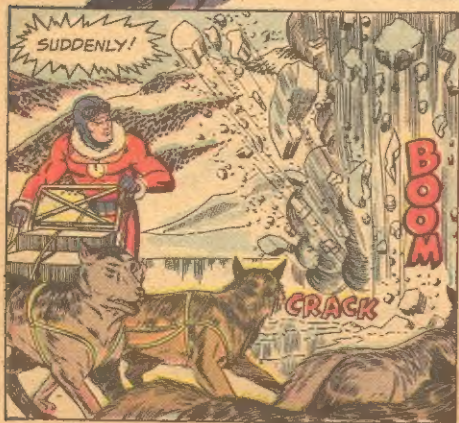
GOSH! THEN SOMEONE DID GET NEAR THE PLANE WHILE WE WERE BUSY CAMPING IN!

THAT'S RIGHT, CHUCK, BUT WE WON'T BE STOPPED! I'M GOING ON TO GLACIER PEAK BY DOG SLED. YOU STAY HERE AND GUARD THE PLANE 'TIL I GET BACK!

**CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT UNDERTAKES THE DANGEROUS JOURNEY ALONE!**

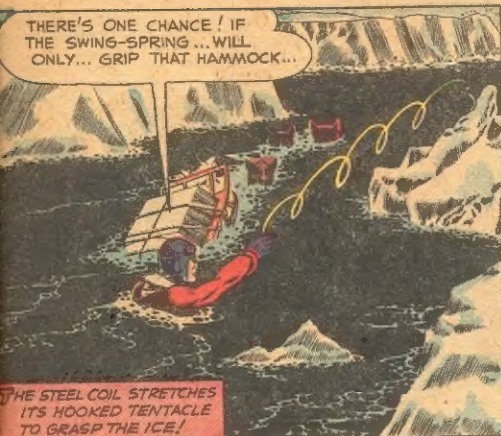
HOURS LATER ...

WHEW! THIS IS TOUGH SLEDDING! BUT THAT ICE FIELD MEANS THAT GLACIER PEAK ISN'T TOO FAR AWAY!



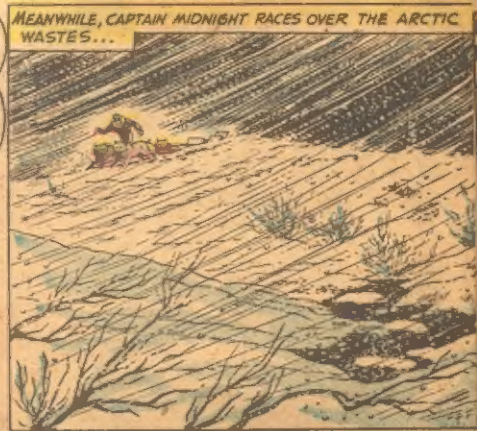


# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

AS CHUCK REPAIRS THE PLANE AT GUNPOINT...

HURRY UP WITH THOSE FEED LINES, RAMSEY!

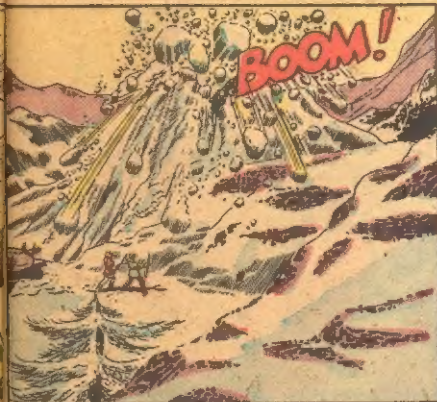


...A GRIM FIGURE WATCHES.

THEY'VE TAKEN THE BOY CAPTIVE, ALL RIGHT! AND IF I SHOW MY HAND, THEY'RE LIKELY TO SHOOT HIM.



BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T BORROW **THEIR** TRICKS. THIS ONE ALMOST WORKED ON ME BACK ON THAT ICE FIELD!

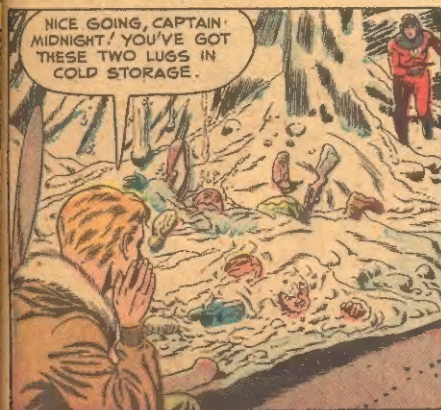


AN EXPLOSION!

EXPLOSION NOTHING! IT'S AN AVALANCHE. RUN!



NICE GOING, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! YOU'VE GOT THESE TWO LUGGS IN COLD STORAGE.



WELL, THEY GAVE ME THE IDEA ORIGINALLY, CHUCK. NOW LET'S DIG THEM OUT.

SURE THING. HERE'S A SHOVEL, CAP!





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



**Soon, heading back to Washington...**

CAP, HOW DID THEY MANAGE TO WORK THEIR EVIL PLAN?

WHEN SPEAR AND BARTON WERE TOLD THAT WE WERE COMING, CHUCK, THEY MET US AT OUR FIRST STOP! IT WAS THE ONLY PLACE A PLANE COULD LAND! WHILE WE WERE CAMPING THEY TAMPERED WITH THE PLANE AND GUN! THEN THEY HITCHED A RIDE WITH US TO BLOW UP THE ICE FIELD!

CAPTAIN, WE'VE DECIDED THAT, FOR YOUR EXPOSURE OF SPEAR AND BARTON, AND FOR **YOUR** EXPLORATION OF GLACIER PEAK, YOU DESERVE THE \$100,000 REWARD!

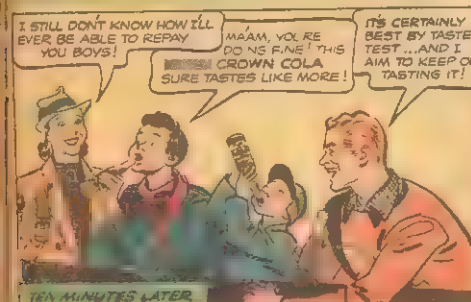
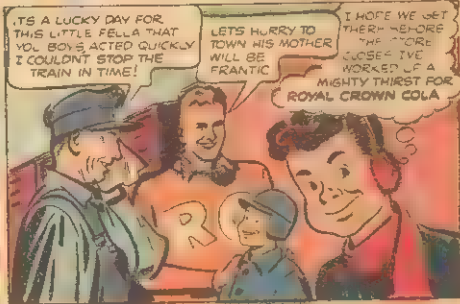
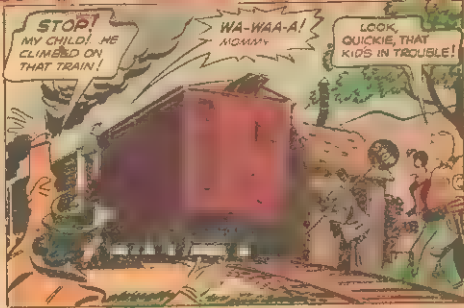
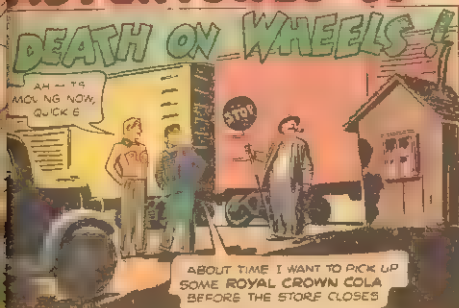
THANK YOU, DR. NEWTON, BUT...

...CHUCK AND I DON'T WANT ANY REWARD! WE'LL DONATE THAT MONEY FOR FURTHER EXPLORATION OF THE ARCTIC REGION - TO BENEFIT OUR COUNTRY AND THE WORLD!

IT'S THE ARCTIC ONE MONTH AND AUSTRALIA THE NEXT. KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GLOBE-TROTTER CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT IN EVERY ISSUE OF HIS FAMOUS COMICS!



# ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

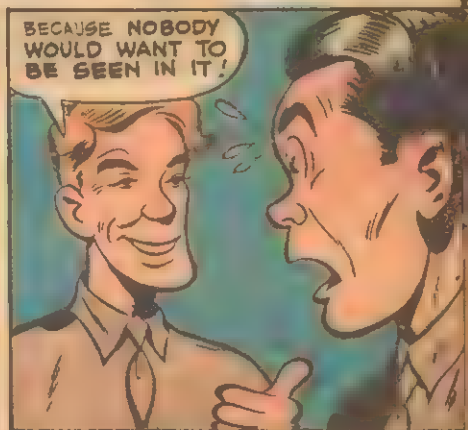
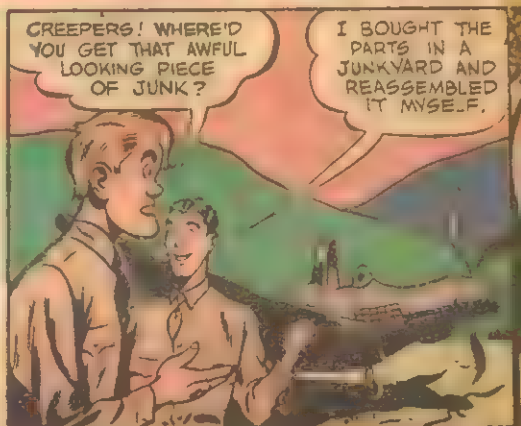
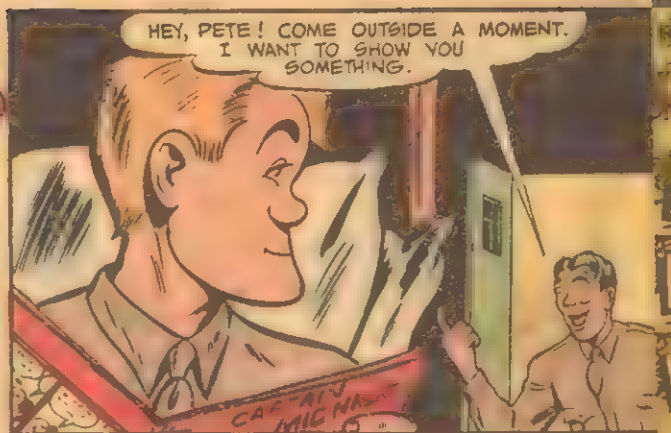




# Pilot Pete



An Old Tub



## CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

ADVERTISEMENT

Since 1877—  
America's  
FIRST Bicycle

1948  
DELUXE  
MODEL

Exclusive Columbia  
Precision Frame

Famous New Departure  
Coaster Brake

Full-Protection Air-  
flow Chainguard

Exclusive Built-In  
Parking Stand

Bright Chrome  
Electric Headlight

Bright Chrome  
Fork Truss Rods

Torrington Rust-  
Resistant Steel Spokes

Long-Wearing  
U.S. Royal Chain Tires  
with Airrite Tubes

# WIN ONE OF THESE 1,000 Columbia BIKES!

## JUST NAME YOUR BIKE!

**FOLLOW EASY CONTEST RULES.** Pick a name for the bike you hope to win. You might choose the name "Red Racer" or "Road Champ" (Just examples of course.) It's easy. It's fun. You'll think of many names. First name that pops into your head may win you a genuine Columbia bicycle! 1,000 new 1948 models offered in this sensational prize contest.

## 1,000 CHANCES TO WIN!

**SEND SEVERAL ENTRIES.** Eat lots of Wheaties® Breakfast of Champions,® with milk and fruit. Include one Wheaties boxtop with each "Name Your Bike" entry. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Feb. 29, 1948. Hurry! Get down some names right now! Mail an entry today! New

## EASY NEW WHEATIES CONTEST ROLLS:

1. Name the bike you hope to win. Print the name. Add your own name and complete address. Attach a Wheaties boxtop. Mail to Wheaties Box No. 1300A, Minneapolis 1, Minn. 2. Enter a Wheaties boxtop with each entry. 3. All entries must be postmarked by midnight Feb. 29, received by March 22, 1948. 4. Entries judged on originality, uniqueness and suitability. Decision of three judges, faculty members of U. of Minn. final. 5. Prizes in form of cash or other property, of General Mills. None will be returned. 6. Contest open to all residents of U.S. its territories and possessions, except employees and families of employees of General Mills, Inc., Westfield Mfg. Co., and their advertising agencies.

30 days after closing date complete list of winners' names will be forwarded upon receipt of stamped self-addressed envelope mailed to General Mills, Dept. 480, at 623 Marquette, Minneapolis 1, Minn.

Wheaties® and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.

WHEATIES,  
BOX 1300A, MPLS., MINN.

I enclose one Wheaties boxtop. The name I choose for the Columbia bicycle I hope to win is:

BIKE NAME \_\_\_\_\_

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

IMPORTANT

Check model you want ☐ BOY'S (Bright Red) ☐ GIRL'S (Teal Blue)

CLIP AND  
MAIL TODAY!

PLEASE  
PRINT



## YOUR INVENTION PAGE!!

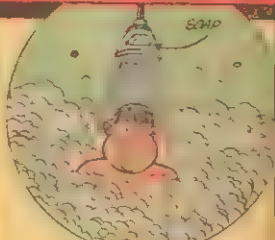
Again we present some of the best inventions sent in this month by CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT readers! Your invention may be chosen next month. Send it in!



## RUNWAY CLEAR-PIPES

A SYSTEM OF METAL PIPES UNDER THE RUNWAYS ON AIRFIELDS THROUGH WHICH STEAM OR HOT AIR WOULD BE CIRCULATED TO CLEAR THE FIELD OF SNOW AND ICE IN THE WINTER ME. **INVENTOR:** DARRELL SPENCER 512 DECATUR ST HIGH POINT N.C.

**LUMI-BIKE**  
A BICYCLE PAINTED WITH LUMINOUS PAINT TO MAKE NIGHT PEDALING MORE SAFE. **INVENTOR:** GROVER L. PORTER HARTSVILLE TENN.



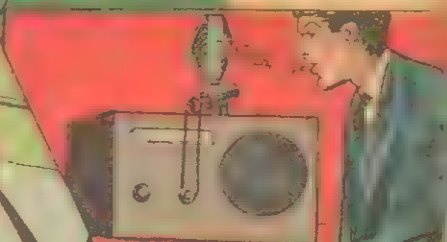
## SUDSY SHOWER NOZZLE

A SPRING COMPARTMENT IN THE SHOWER NOZZLE IN WHICH A CAKE OF SOAP MAY BE PLACED FOR A STEADY STREAM OF SOAP SUDS. IT'S EASY TO REMOVE FOR CLEAR WATER. **INVENTOR:** E. SCHONBLOM 10 STONE AVE BRADFORD P.



## MECHANICAL LIBRARY

A ROUND TABLE ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED WITH SECTION SPACES ALONG THE EDGE, WHERE BOOKS MAY BE INSERTED, EACH SPACE IS LABELED WITH THE NAME OF THE BOOK THEREIN. PRESSING A BUTTON AUTOMATICALLY EJECTS THE DESIRED VOLUME. **INVENTOR:** ERNEST MATUNAN ABLIPAY 189 RIZAL ST. CABANATUAN, NUEVA ECIZA LUCON VAYANA PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC



## AUTOMATIC RADIO

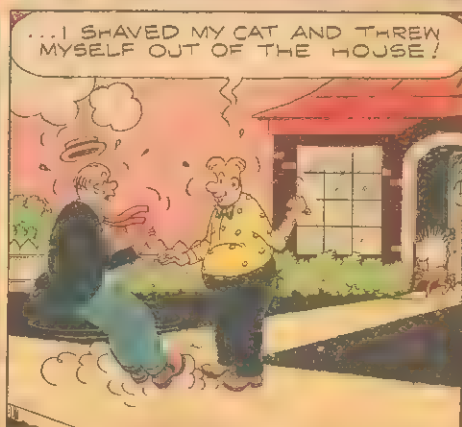
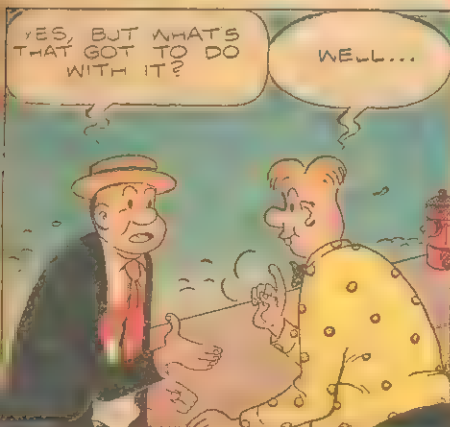
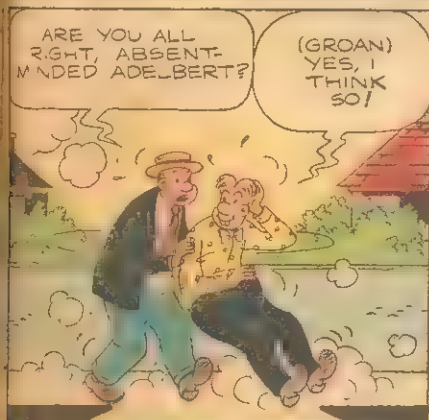
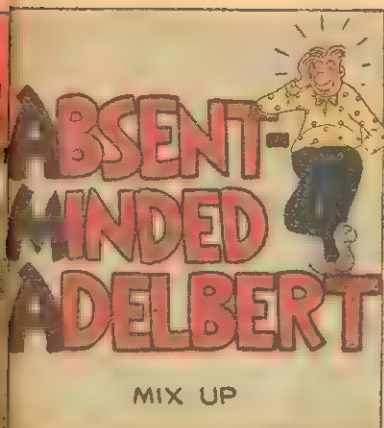
THE CALL LETTERS OF ANY BROADCASTING STATION CAN BE KEPT IN THE MEMORY OF THE AUTOMATIC RADIO. STATION ON VOL. 1000. **INVENTOR:** E. SCHONBLOM 10 STONE AVE BRADFORD P.



## FUTURBUS

THIS IS AN ORIGINAL DESIGN OF WHAT THE BUS OF TOMORROW MAY LOOK LIKE. **INVENTOR:** EDWARD MORRISON, 537 N. WILCOX AVE., LOS ANGELES 4, CALIF

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT sends FREE to every contributor a personal CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT INVENTION PATENT. Send him YOUR invention at 49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. and watch for it to appear here





# "ADRIFT"

A "Red Skye" Story

By Dick Kraus

*The raft tossed upon the sea  
And the thief grinned icily  
Though Red had tried  
His hands were tied  
By the gun held menacingly!*

**T**HE LITTLE RAFT FLOATED. It floated under the broiling sun of day, and in the black chill of night. It floated on an ocean that was as still and motionless as a green mirror, and through the crashing tumult of a tropical storm. It floated on and on, and when four days and nights had gone by, life had almost gone out of the two men on the raft.

One of these men, supported in a half-upright position on his elbows, wore a tattered, salt-crustured pilot's uniform. Weakened by thirst and hunger, his pale blue eyes still scanned the horizon alertly—scanned it for the sign of smoke or land that would mean a chance at rescue. This man was Red Skye.

His companion lay slumped against the side of the raft, breathing stertorously through black, cracked lips. Occasionally his eyelids parted, and he looked at Red for a moment, without speaking. His name was Cracker . . . Cracker Bly.

"Cracker Bly," Red said slowly, looking down at the other man. "How did you ever get that name?"

"My name?" The words came hard. "I got it . . . when I was fifteen . . . and cracked out of reform school. . . ."

"And later, when you began to crack safes—and skulls?"

"The name stuck," Cracker Bly said. His unshaven, swollen face turned slowly, and he looked at the unbroken circle of the horizon. Not a ship, not a cloud, not a sign of land. He breathed heavily.

"I'd like to crack out of here," he said.

FIVE DAYS BEFORE, Red Skye had been given an unusual assignment. While in the small Central American country of San Reno, he'd received a telegram from his home office. It instructed him to wait at the airfield for two passengers who were to be flown back to the United States. One was a U. S. Deputy Marshal . . . and the other was Cracker Bly.

"I picked Bly up here in San Reno,"

the Marshal had said that afternoon. "and we're extraditing him back to the States. He's wanted up there on a murder rap."

Red nodded, eyeing the surly, powerfully-built criminal.

Within ten minutes the plane had received clearance and was winging up into the brilliant tropical sunset. Behind him, the Marshal and his prisoner sat silently. As the hours passed, they dozed off.

Lying there in the raft, with Cracker opposite him, Red remembered it well.

There was a sudden, choking, coughing noise from the engine—and it conked out. The plane shuddered, nosed forward, and careened toward the blanket of ocean below.

"Wake up!" Red had shouted frantically behind him. "We're crashing!"

Fighting the pull of gravity, Red struggled out of his seat in the twisting, falling plane. He threw life jackets at his two passengers and heaved a self-inflating rubber raft into place by the door. Then, for a moment, he fought the controls.

What happened in the next few moments after that was a confused, hazy memory for Red. He knew that he pushed Cracker and the raft out of the plane—and then turned to look for the Marshal. He caught a glimpse of him, crushed and unconscious, in the rear of the ship—and then the swirling water closed in. Fighting savagely, he won his way to the law officer . . . but he could not pull him loose. Finally, his lungs bursting, Red lunged through the door and kicked his way to the surface.

Biting great mouthfuls of the life-giving air, Red looked around. Where was Cracker Bly—and the raft?

The stars gave him his answer. There, fifty yards away, and paddling hard, was the criminal. Red's lips twisted, and his arms lashed into a powerful crawl.

"Trying to get away . . . and leaving me to drown."

Cracker paddled furiously, but Red soon overtook the cumbersome rubber raft. Grabbing at its side, he attempted to heave himself up to it. But Cracker smashed at his hand with the raft's paddle, and Red fell back into the water, swallowing a great mouthful of the nauseating brine.

Now he knew what he was up against. Cracker was determined to escape . . . at any cost.

Slowly Red swam around the floating raft, as Cracker waited, paddle in hand. Then, all at once, the red-headed airman slipped forward, diving beneath the surface. Stroking powerfully, he passed under the raft and came up on the other side. With a sudden, desperate motion, he grabbed the gunwales of the raft and heaved himself in, to face the startled ex-convict.

"My turn," he gritted, lunging against Cracker.

A concrete-hard fist splatted against the criminal's chest, and another against his jaw.

"Listen now," the pilot said, "and get this through your thick head. We're in this together, and we're going to be lucky to get out of it alive! You stay on your side of the raft and I stay on mine—until we sight land or a ship. One move from you and you'll go where the U. S. Marshal did. Well?"

Cracker Bly nodded sullenly.

"Okay," he said "In this—together. No moves."

And, in the days that passed, there were no moves. Each sat on his side of the raft. Red searched the compartments of the rubber craft and swore softly to himself as he found only a single water container—at most enough to last a couple of days. He doled it out, drop by drop, for the first two days. Then there was nothing at all to drink, and on the next blazing noon, Cracker had pulled himself to the side of the raft and plunged his hands into the cool green water lapping there.

"I wouldn't drink that if I were you," Red had said.

"Why not?" Cracker had said hoarsely. "I'll wet my mouth—if I can stand the taste."

Red shook his head grimly.

"No, you'll drink a few gulps of it. And then—I've seen what happens to men who drink sea water. They go nuts. It poisons them—they have cramps, convulsions, and that's all. Drink it if you want to commit suicide. . . ."

Cracker had slowly withdrawn his hands from the water.

NOW THEY WERE four days on the raft—the last two without anything to drink. No rain, no clouds, nothing but the hot yellow sun beating relentlessly down. Then Red caught a glimpse of a distant smudge on the low horizon. He leaned forward, squinted, and Cracker followed his gaze. It was far away—but it was land

—and the ocean current was carrying them toward it.

"We're in luck, Cracker," Red said. "A few hours—and this raft is going to float up along that coastline."

Then, he got a shock. Cracker Bly was sitting there—with an automatic pointed directly at him.

"I'm in luck, Skye, not you," Cracker Bly said. "I slipped this gat from the Marshal just before we crashed, and I've been holding it since then. No sense using it until now."

He motioned with the gun at the side of the raft. The water there was smudged, darker than it had been.

"You're going to drink that, Skye—a lot of it. And then you're going over the side . . . finished. That way there won't be nothing to incriminate me . . . if they find your body—and if they catch me again."

Red hesitated. His keen eyes searched the distant shore line. There was a dim recess that looked like a river mouth, opening onto the ocean. If it was . . .

"C'mon!" Cracker grated impatiently. "I'm going to be the only survivor of our little wreck—and I'm getting away before they find out who I am. Drink!"

Red gulped down quantities of the water. Then he swayed for a moment in the raft, and raised a trembling hand to his forehead. His face contorted in a grimace of pain and he doubled over on the raft bottom. There he lay, moving convulsively and groaning. Cracker Bly smiled.

"Neatest way of getting rid of a guy I ever heard of," the criminal said. "And safest too."

He reached forward, to heave Red into the ocean—and then the unexpected happened. Steel muscled hands caught around Cracker's neck and hurled him backward. In a moment, Red Skye was over him, pounding savagely at his face and body. Blow after blow thudded into the ex-convict, until he lay there helpless, the gun awash on the raft's bottom. The pilot picked the gun up and put it in his pocket.

"You know," Red said, "it's a funny thing that you should have chosen to kill me with salt water. Because I once read that at the mouths of the Amazon and Orinoco Rivers—where the fresh inland waters come out into the ocean, the water is drinkable. And when I saw what looked like a river mouth on that coastline, and realized that this water was a muddy brown, I had a hunch. It was fresh enough for me to drink—and it made it a cinch getting you off your guard."

Smiling faintly, Red dipped his hand over the side and took another drink.

The land was much closer now.



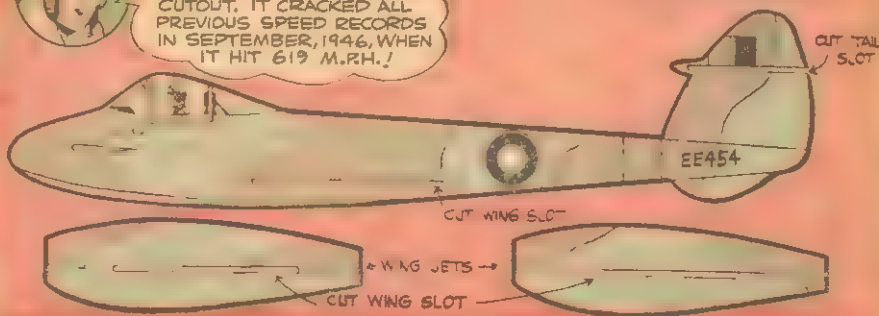
# JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR

WELL I BE---THEY'VE GOT A REGULAR HIDDEN CAMP IN THIS VALLEY! SO THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE TAKING HARRY AND MR. ALSON.

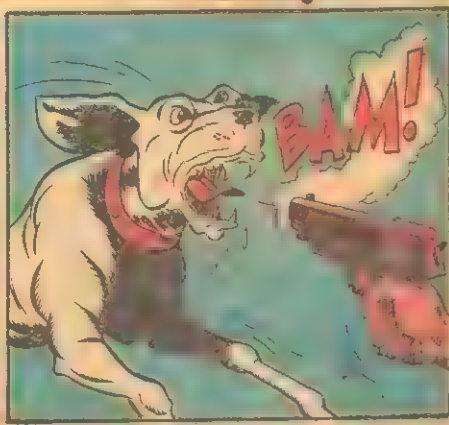
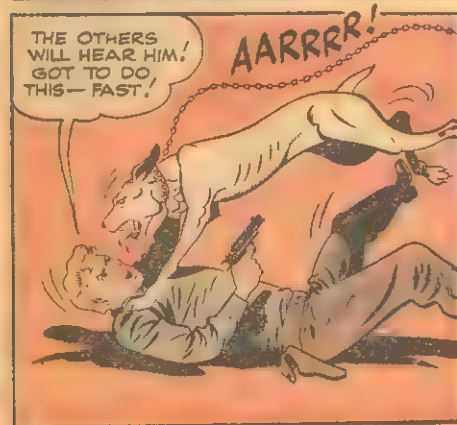
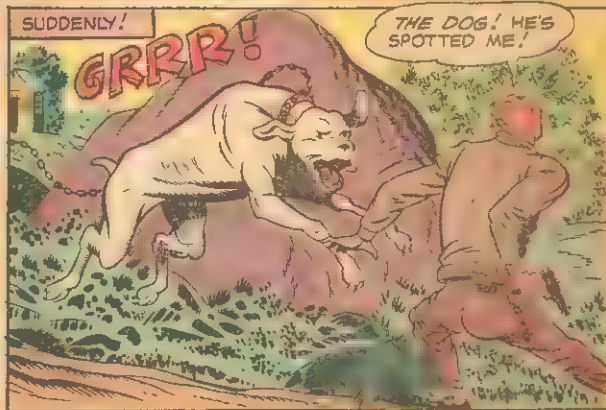
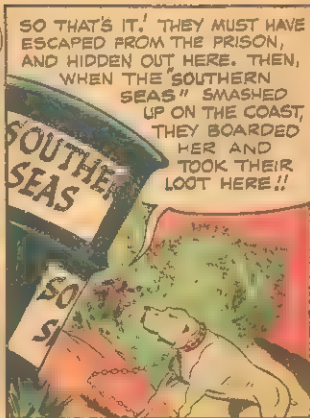
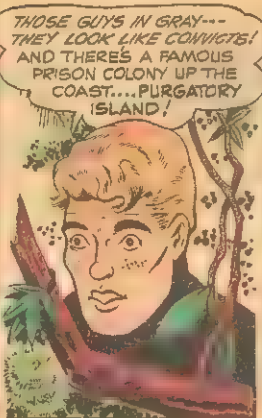
**I**N SEARCHING FOR THE HI-JACKERS OF THE "SOUTHERN SEAS," HANGAR HARRY AND ANDREW ALSON HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER BY A MYSTERIOUS PAIR OF JUNGLE OUTLAWS. JOHNNY BLAIR TRAILS THEM THROUGH THE DENSE FOREST UNTIL.....

H, FLYING FANS! FEAST YOUR EYES ON THE **GLOSTER METEOR IV** PLANE MODEL CUTOUT. IT CRACKED ALL PREVIOUS SPEED RECORDS IN SEPTEMBER, 1946, WHEN IT HIT 619 M.P.H.!

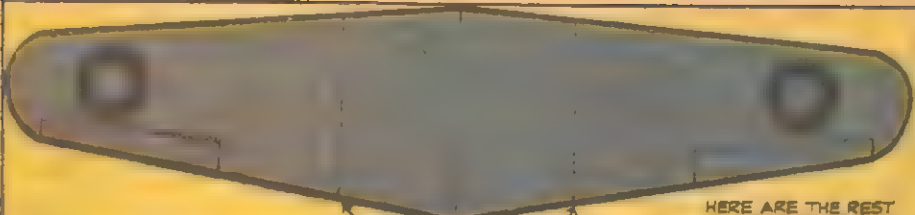
**C**UT OUT THE PLANE AS INDICATED, BACK ON HEAVY PAPER, AND ASSEMBLE!



# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT







GLUE WING JETS HERE

HERE ARE THE REST OF JOHNNY'S PLANE CUTOUTS. WHEN YOU'VE GOT THEM ALL ASSEMBLED, PUT A PAPER CLIP ON THE NOSE AND WATCH THE PLANE GLIDE.

THAT NOISE! DID YOU HEAR IT, JUAN?

SI SENOR ROGERS, IT SOUNDED LIKE GUNSHOT!

LET'S SEE WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

THE WATCHDOG! HE'S BEEN SHOT—AND THERE ARE SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE ALL ABOUT.

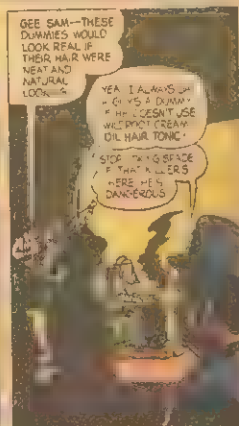
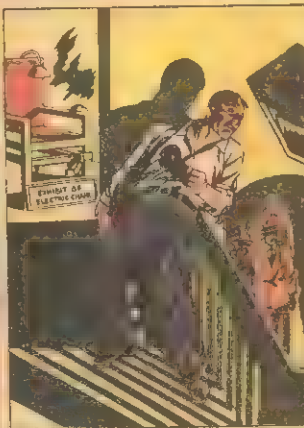
YOU'RE RIGHT, DUVAL, AND I CAN GUESS WHO DID IT.

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THAT BLASTED KID WHO ESCAPED WHEN WE CAPTURED THE OTHERS. HE TRAILED US HERE—AND THEN THE DOG SCENTED HIM!

FAN OUT! HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR AWAY—AND THIS TIME WE'LL CATCH HIM!

JOHNNY'S REALLY ON A SPOT NOW—AS THE DESPERATE HEAVILY-ARMED CONVICTS PLUNGE INTO THE JUNGLE AFTER HIM! BUT WE'RE DUE FOR A SURPRISE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT COMICS!

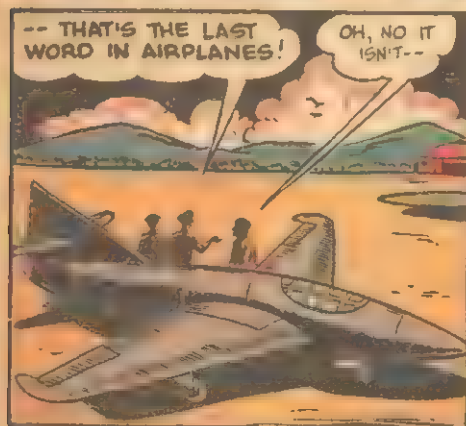
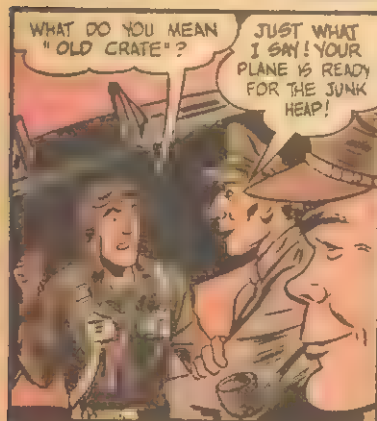
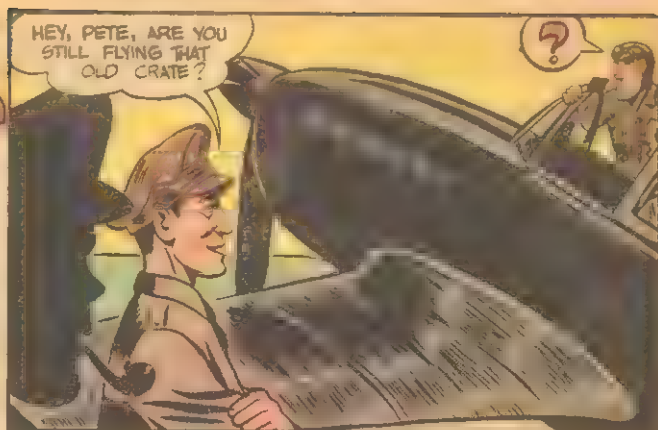
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# Pilot Pete

*Gets in  
the last word*



## COLONEL CORN AND KORNLY KOBBS

"HORSE SENSE"

H'YA,  
COLONEL CORN!  
HOW'D YOU LIKE  
TO BUY A  
SWEEPSTAKES  
TICKET?

SURE.  
HOW MUCH  
DOES A  
TICKET COST,  
KORNLY KOBBS?

THEN HOW  
CAN YOU LET  
ME HAVE A  
TICKET FOR  
ONLY TEN  
CENTS?

THEY  
DO

TEN  
CENTS.

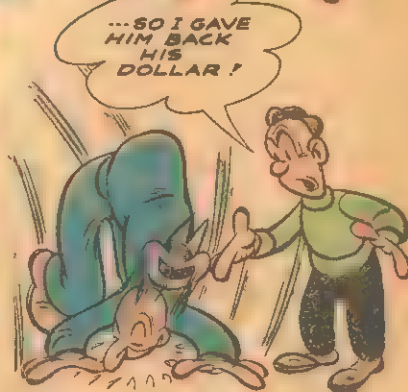
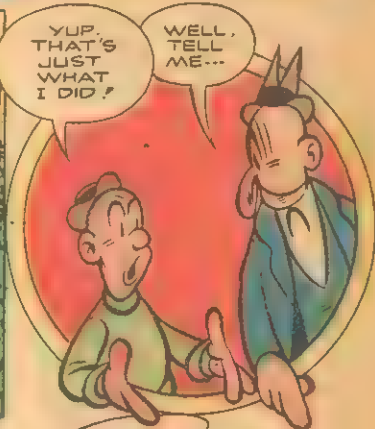
TEN CENTS??  
GEE, I THOUGHT  
THEY COST  
A COUPLE  
OF DOLLARS  
APIECE!

YOU OUGHT  
TO BE ASHAMED  
OF YOURSELF, KORNLY.  
TRYING TO SELL ME  
A TICKET FOR A RACE  
THAT WAS RUN  
LAST WEEK!

WELL,  
ONE REASON IS...  
THE RACE WAS  
LAST WEEK!

OH,  
THAT'S  
NOTHING...





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

## TRIP THROUGH FRANCE!

**T**OURING EUROPE BY BICYCLE PROMISED TO BE A PLEASANT VACATION FOR CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS -- UNTIL A CARELESS CABBIE AND A TERRIFIC THUNDERSTORM BEGAN TO GUM UP THE WORKS. RIDE WITH THE GREAT INVENTOR AS HE PEDALS HIS WAY INTO A PECK OF TROUBLE!



AN AMERICAN STEAMER DOCKS AT LE HAVRE....

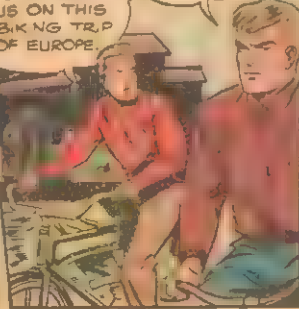
OH BOY! IT'S GOING TO BE GOOD TO GET MY FEET ON DRY LAND AGAIN!

YOU MEAN, YOUR TIRES, FROM NOW ON WE TRAVEL BY BICYCLE.

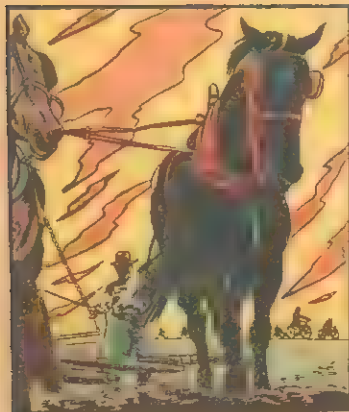
GOSH CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT, IT WAS SWELL OF YOU AND ICKY TO CHAPERON US ON THIS BIKING TRIP OF EUROPE.

IT'S GONG TO BE FUN FOR US, TOO, CHUCK.

LET'S START THE TRIP BY -HEADING FOR PARIS. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF SIGHTS IN STORE FOR US.







SOON....

LOOK, CAP!  
THERE'S THE  
EIFFEL TOWER.

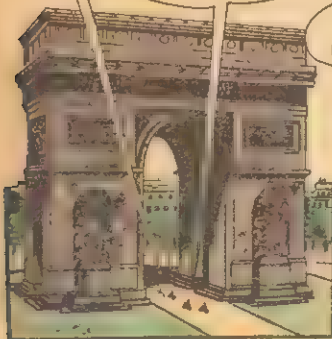
YOU'RE RIGHT,  
CHUCK. WE'RE  
GETTING NEAR  
PARIS.

AND THIS IS  
THE ARC DE  
TRIOMPHE,  
ISN'T IT,  
ICKY?

RIGHT, JOYCE.  
IT WAS, ER  
BUILT TO CELE-  
BRATE VICTORY  
IN THE FIRST  
WORLD WAR.

NOT EXACTLY,  
ICKY! FIRST  
OF ALL---IN  
ENGLISH IT IS  
CALLED THE  
ARCH OF  
TRIUMPH; IT  
WAS BUILT LONG  
BEFORE THAT-- BY  
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!

WE ALL KNOW ABOUT  
THIS, CAP... THE GREAT  
CATHEDRAL OF  
NOTRE DAME.

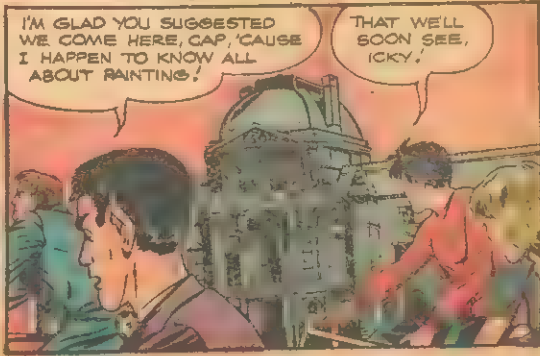
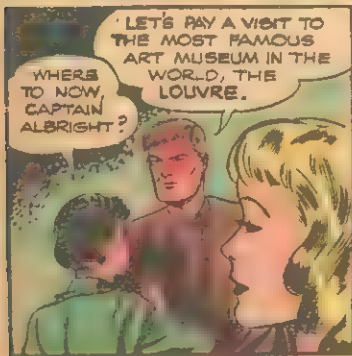


LET'S PAY A VISIT TO  
THE MOST FAMOUS  
ART MUSEUM IN THE  
WORLD, THE  
LOUVRE.

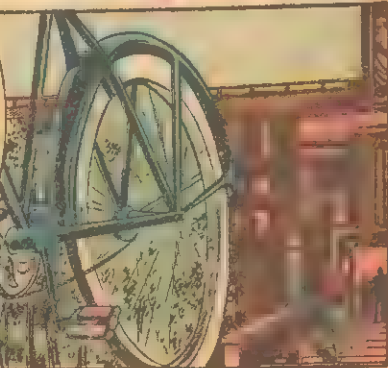
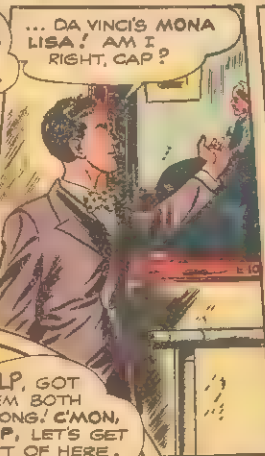
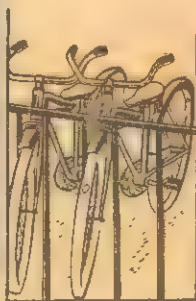
WHERE  
TO NOW,  
CAPTAIN  
ALBRIGHT?

I'M GLAD YOU SUGGESTED  
WE COME HERE, CAP, 'CAUSE  
I HAPPEN TO KNOW ALL  
ABOUT PAINTING!

THAT WE'LL  
SOON SEE,  
ICKY!

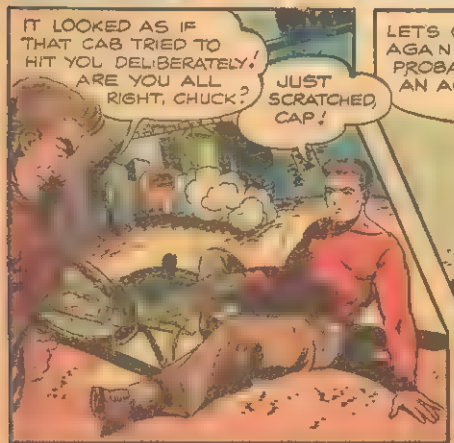
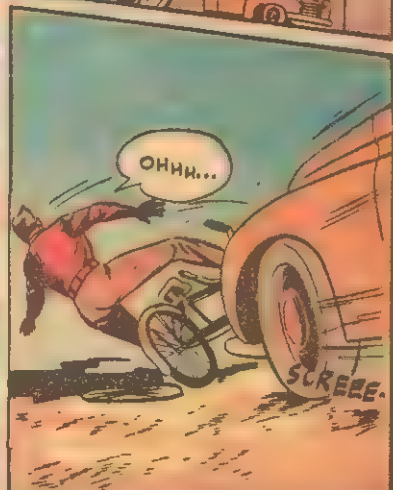
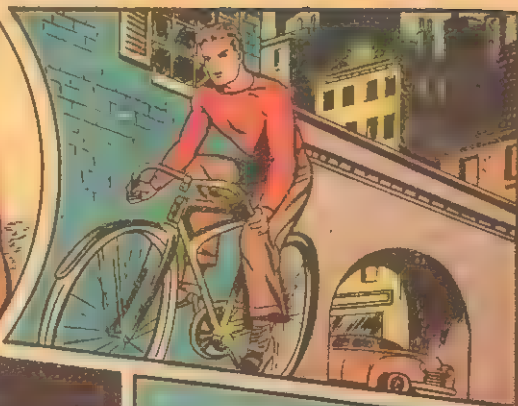
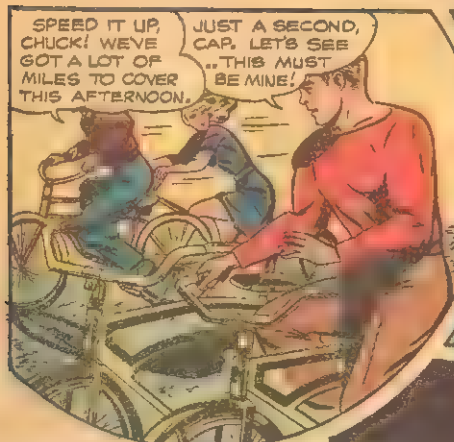


# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT





# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



OH OH!  
WE'LL ALL  
BE SOAKED!

MAYBE WE CAN  
GET IN THAT  
BARN OVER  
THERE, CAP.

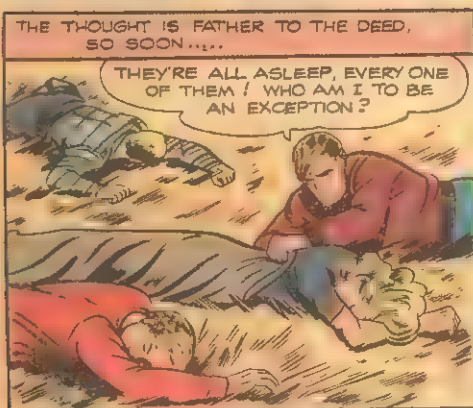


IT CAN'T BE  
ANY WORSE THAN  
WHERE WE ARE  
NOW. LET'S TRY  
IT!



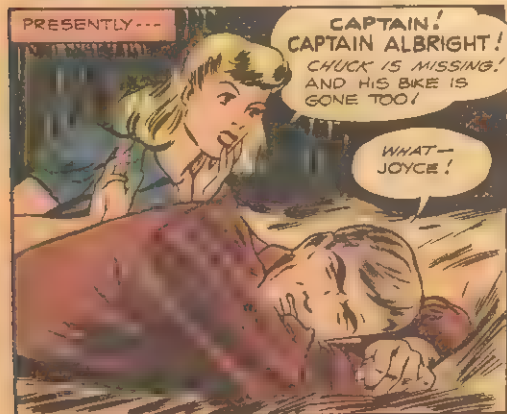
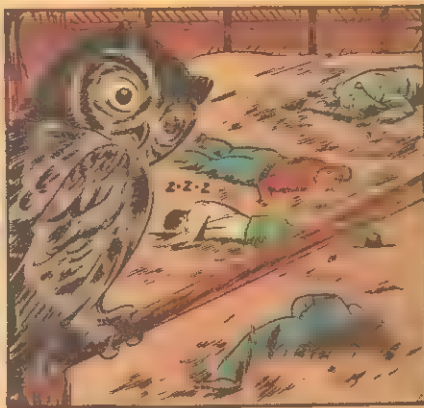
WE CAN  
LEAVE OUR  
BIKES RIGHT  
HERE, CKY.

AND THAT HAY-  
LOFT UP THERE  
WILL MAKE  
MIGHTY COMFORT-  
ABLE SLEEPING,  
CAP. HO-HUM!  
I'M GETTING TIRED  
RIGHT NOW.



THE THOUGHT IS FATHER TO THE DEED,  
SO SOON...

THEY'RE ALL ASLEEP, EVERY ONE  
OF THEM! WHO AM I TO BE  
AN EXCEPTION?



PRESENTLY---

CAPTAIN!  
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT!  
CHUCK IS MISSING!  
AND HIS BIKE IS  
GONE TOO!

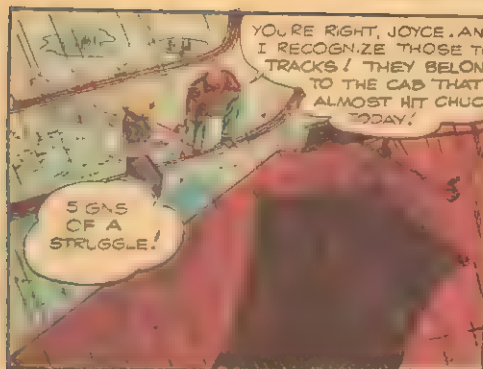
WHAT--  
JOYCE!



SEE? HIS  
BIKE ISN'T  
THERE,  
CAP!

HMM! HE WOULDN'T  
HAVE GONE RIDING AT  
NIGHT--AND IN THIS  
RAIN! LET'S CLIMB DOWN  
AND FIND OUT ABOUT THIS,  
JOYCE!

# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT



5 GNS  
OF A  
STRUGGLE!

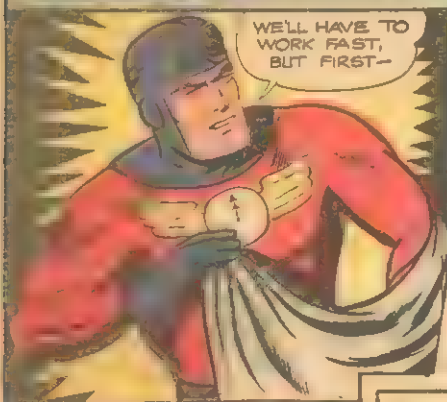
YOU'RE RIGHT, JOYCE... AND  
I RECOGNIZE THOSE TIRE  
TRACKS! THEY BELONG  
TO THE CAB THAT  
ALMOST HIT CHUCK  
TODAY!



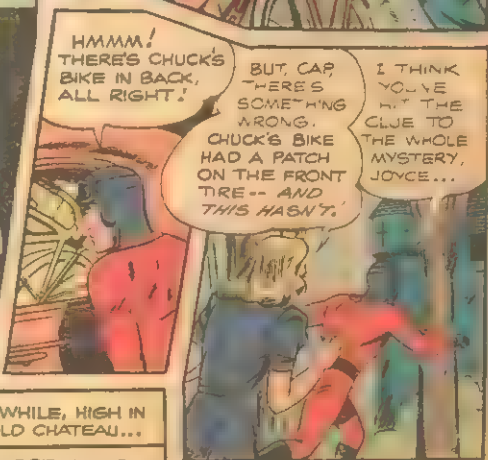
THE CAB'S TRACKS  
LEAD TO THAT OLD  
FRENCH CHATEAU!

AND IF I'M NOT  
MISTAKEN,  
IT'S PARKED  
RIGHT IN  
FRONT!

THE VIKING LOUS CHANGE IS MADE TO  
CARRYING THE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!



WE'LL HAVE TO  
WORK FAST,  
BUT FIRST--



HMMM!  
THERE'S CHUCK'S  
BIKE IN BACK,  
ALL RIGHT!

BUT, CAP,  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
WRONG.  
CHUCK'S BIKE  
HAD A PATCH  
ON THE FRONT  
TIRE-- AND  
THIS HASN'T.

I THINK  
YOU'VE  
HIT THE  
CLUE TO  
THE WHOLE  
MYSTERY,  
JOYCE...



I'M GOING TO GET  
TO THE BOTTOM OF  
THIS RIGHT NOW!

MEANWHILE, HIGH IN  
THE OLD CHATEAU...

WE'VE GOT THE BI-  
CYCLE BACK, NOW  
WHAT DO WE DO WITH  
THE KID?

FINISH HIM I SAY!  
HE KNOWS TOO  
MUCH!

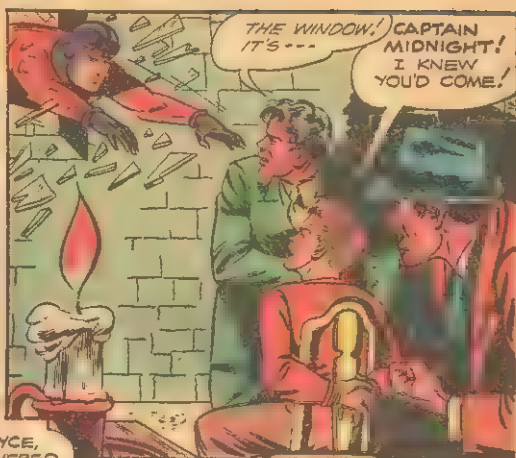




# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

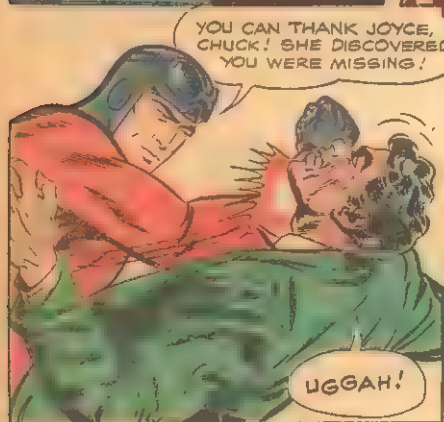


SAY YER PRAYERS, KID!



THE WINDOW! IT'S---

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! I KNEW YOU'D COME!

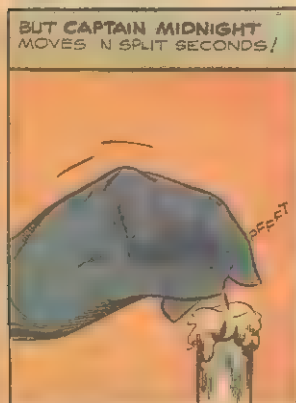


YOU CAN THANK JOYCE, CHUCK! SHE DISCOVERED YOU WERE MISSING!

UGGAH!



DON'T BOTHER TO THANK ANYBODY, KID! 'CAUSE I'M GOING TO BLAST YOU RIGHT NOW-- IF THIS FLYING GUY DOESN'T SURRENDER!



BUT CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT MOVES IN SPLIT SECONDS!



HE PUT OUT THE LIGHT! I--I CAN'T SEE!

NO? THAT'S GOOD ...BECAUSE I CAN!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THE DOOMBEAM, CHUM?

STOP IT! I'M BURNING!

# CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

MOMENTS LATER, WHEN THE CANDLE IS RELIT.

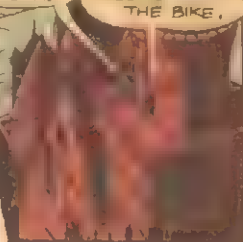
GREAT GONG! CAP. YOU'VE LAID THEM ALL OUT COOL!

IT WAS EASY, CHUCK. THE DOOMBEAM PARALYSED THEM WITH FEAR AND ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TAP THEM!

WE FOUND A BIKE THAT LOOKED LIKE YOURS IN THE CAB DOWNSTAIRS, CHUCK!

I KNOW, CAP. WHEN I WOKE UP TONIGHT AND FOUND THESE GUYS IN THE BARN, THEY SLUGGED ME AND TOOK ME ALONG WITH THE BIKE.

THAT'S WHAT THEY WERE AFTER, ALL ALONG CHUCK. YOU TOOK THEIR BIKE BY ACCIDENT IN FRONT OF THE LOUVRE----AND THEY WANTED IT BACK!



LOOK CAP, I FOUND THESE ROLLED UP IN THE BICYCLE TIRES.

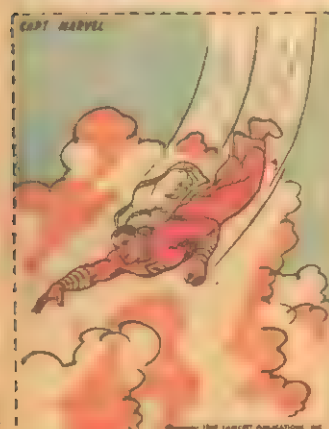
MONA LISA AND WHISTLER'S MOTHER! NO WONDER THE GANG WAS WILLING TO KILL TO GET THEM BACK.



THEY MUST HAVE CONSPURED WITH A MUSEUM GUARD TO STEAL THE ORIGINALS, AND PUT UP FAKES TO AVOID DETECTION. TILL THE GANG COULD PICK UP THE BIKE. IT WOULD HAVE WORKED --IF CHUCK HADN'T TAKEN THE WRONG BIKE!



SO A MISTAKE HELPED BREAK UP A CUNNING ART THEFT! BUT EVERY KIND OF CRIME IS A MISTAKE WHEN DARN CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S ABOUT!



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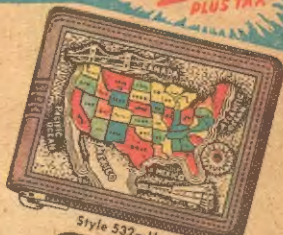
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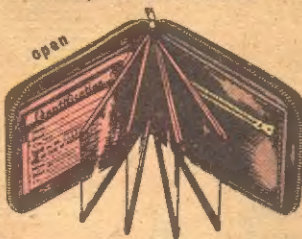
Style 537—Mexican Gaucho



Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



Style 520—Hula Girl



Style 544—Indian Scene



Style 526—Hawaiian Lovers



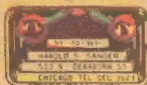
Style 535—Texas Ranger



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## DAISY'S RED RYDER



## HEY FELLOWS!

Here's a real he-man gun out of the Golden West. Get this lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000-shot Air Rifle. Sell one order of American Seeds, plus \$1.50 extra.

## Campfire Ukulele



Full size, Decorated with Western scene. Clear mellow tone. Sell only one order.

## Pen and Pencil Set



Fountain pen with matching automatic pencil. Sell one order of American Seeds.

## SWEETHEART DOLL



Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of American Seeds.



## CAMERA With Carrying Case

Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.



## "Flying Ace"

Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.



## Famous Texan Jr.

All Metal Cap Pistol with genuine leather Holster and Belt. Sell only one order of seeds.

## MORE PRIZES shown in our big prize book.

- Fishing Tackle
- Softball Set
- Gene Autry Guitar
- Alarm Clock
- Hunting Knife
- Overnight Bag
- Archery Set
- Roy Rogers Gun
- and many others.

OUR 30th YEAR

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated. Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for Big prize book and seeds. SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU No goods sent outside U. S. A. American Seed Co., Inc. Dept. 635, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 635, LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

R. F. D. Box \_\_\_\_\_ or Street No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

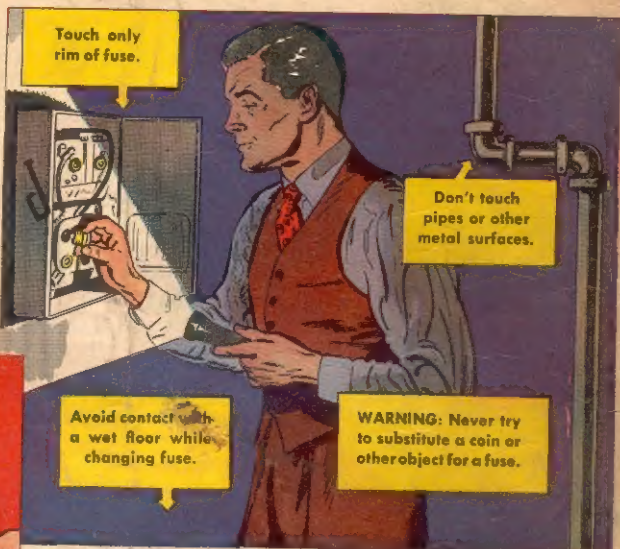
State \_\_\_\_\_

There's a hard way →  
and an **EASY WAY TO**  
**CHANGE A FUSE**



**K**EEP a flashlight at top of steps, so you won't stumble down a dark stairway. Using your flashlight, open fuse box and examine each fuse to locate "dead" one. When you replace a burned-out fuse, touch only its rim. Never put a coin in the fuse box instead of a fuse.

Be sure to have some good fuses on hand. To test a fuse, use an "Eveready" battery, a flashlight bulb (or the bulb assembly), and a piece of wire—as shown at right. If fuse is good, bulb will light.



Proof!...in the laboratory, in your own flashlight...

**"EVEREADY" BATTERIES OUTLAST ALL OTHER BRANDS!\***

• Brighter light, longer life! That's what you want in a flashlight battery—and that's what you get with "Eveready" brand batteries. Laboratory tests prove it. And the best "laboratory" of all—*your own flashlight*—proves it! That's why "Eveready" batteries *outsell* all other brands—because they *outlast* all other brands!\*

\*According to the "General-Purpose 4-Ohm Intermittent Test" of the American Standards Association, which most closely approximates average use.

The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of  
**NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.**

30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

